draw them out of the track of common life without enabling them to act with conſonant independence and dignity, he checks the natural flow of his thoughts, and neither adviſes one thing nor the other.

In the preface he tells them a mournful truth, 'that they will hear, at leaſt once in their lives, the genuine ſentiments of a man who has no intereſt in deceiving them.'

Hapleſs woman! what can be expected from thee when the beings on whom thou art ſaid naturally to depend for reaſon and ſupport, have all an intereſt in deceiving thee! This is the root of the evil that has ſhed a corroding mildew on all thy virtues; and blighting in the bud thy opening faculties, has rendered thee the weak thing thou art! It is this ſeparate intereſt—this inſidious ſtate of warfare, that undermines morality, and divides mankind!

If love have made ſome women wretched—how many more has the cold unmeaning intercourſe of gallantry rendered vain and uſeleſs! yet this heartleſs attention to the ſex is reckoned ſo manly, ſo polite, that till ſociety is very differently organized, I fear, this veſtige of gothic manners will not be done away by

a more reaſonable and affectionate mode of conduct. Beſides, to ſtrip it of its imaginary dignity, I muſt obſerve, that in the moſt uncivilized European ſtates this lip-ſervice prevails in a very great degree, accompanied with extreme diſſoluteneſs of morals. In Portugal, the country that I particularly allude to, it takes place of the moſt ſerious moral obligations; for a man is ſeldom aſſaſſinated when in the company of a woman. The ſavage hand of rapine is unnerved by this chivalrous ſpirit; and, if the ſtroke of vengeance cannot be ſtayed—the lady is entreated to pardon the rudeneſs and depart in peace, though ſprinkled, perhaps, with her huſband's or brother's blood.

I ſhall paſs over his ſtrictures on religion, becauſe I mean to diſcuſs that ſubject in a ſeparate chapter.

The remarks relative to behaviour, though many of them very ſenſible, I entirely diſapprove of, becauſe it appears to me to be beginning, as it were, at the wrong end. A cultivated underſtanding, and an affectionate heart, will never want ſtarched rules of decorum—ſomething more ſubſtantial than ſeemlineſs will be the reſult; and, without underſtanding